

34

The
Gradatim

1934





ARCHIVES
SISTERS OF MERCY
BELMONT, NORTH CAROLINA

THE
GRADATIM

ANNUAL PUBLICATION

OF THE
SENIOR CLASS
OF

Sacred Heart Academy
BELMONT, N. C.

VOLUME II
1934



GRADATIM!

*Hoc verbum, quid significat? Nunc nos videamus.
Cernimus id quod nobis optimum in annua saecla
Temporaque aetatis nostrae. Excelsas ad eas res
Nobis auxiliabitur. Est modus omnibus huius
Vitae rebus, ut is quondam dixit notus altus
Flaccus Romanus. Sic semper sic quoque nobis.*

THE GRADATIM



SACRED HEART ACADEMY—1892



SACRED HEART ACADEMY—1934

The Class of '34

Responsive to the unheralded influence
of *Character*, evidenced
by *Industry*, untiring
by *Interest*, undivided
by *Love*, unstinted
by *Piety*, unmeasured

Dedicate

THIS RECORD OF APPRECIATION

OF THE SPIRIT AND WILL

THAT HAS MADE OUR

ALMA MATER POSSIBLE

TO THE THREE

Foundresses

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE

SISTER M. CHARLES

SISTER M. BAPTIST



*Within these portals wide,
Beneath the lofty dome,
The students ever find
Not only school but home.*



*"As we wander
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence we reverently ponder
The ways of God."*

THE GRADATIM



THE CHAPEL



ENTRANCE TO CONVENT
Here indeed seem Heaven's gates ajar.



RT. REV. VINCENT G. TAYLOR, O.S.B., D.D.
Abbot-Ordinary of Belmont Abbey Nullius



RT. REV. WILLIAM J. HAFEY, D.D.
Bishop of Raleigh

A Tribute To the Faculty

SISTERS of Mercy, in deed and in name, our teachers, who have been lavish of their proficiency in educating, in a true sense, the students of '33-'34. From the store-houses of their minds, we have stocked our intelligences with knowledge and skills necessary for living efficiently in society, according to the mandates of them, we have cared for our bodies so that they may serve our minds in our efforts to live life to its fullness; under their kindly guidance we have learned to know the kind God under whose Providence we hope to live holily and die happily. Sister-teachers, the Graduates pay this tribute of love and obedience and reverence to you.

May God keep you in the hollow of His Hand.



*Those outstretched arms a blessing and a welcome seem to give
Oh, may that sheltering love be ours through all the years we live.*



REV. CHARLES KASTNER, O. S. B.
Retreat Master

Our Retreat

A Revery in the Chapel

MY Master, in your Altar-home, may I thank you for the wondrous and priceless and deathless grace you bestowed on me of late—I mean, may I offer thanks for the Retreat You provided for me. The Retreat and the master thereof, your ambassador, oh, how much they meant to me. Your message and your messenger, for them, again may I say thanks.

I listened, and, in this garb of mere human words, I heard your call to Happiness. I heard the Altar Christus bid me "Fear not, for I bear healing on my Wings"—and, from His hands I received Your gift of love and through His hands I pledged to You my little service and loyalty.

Jesus, through Father Charles, I have come to you. Now I am Thine and Thou art mine. And, I am grateful for this Happiness.



V. REV. ALPHONSE BUSS, O. S. B.
Chaplin

The Chaplain

VERY Rev. Alphonse Buss, Prior of Belmont Abbey, has for many years been the Spiritual Director of the Academy girls. On the eve of graduation we look back over our Academy years and begin to evaluate at true worth the lectures, the encouraging chidings, the kindly humorous criticisms and the informative and exhortatory sermons by which he has led our footsteps in the paths of righteousness. Father Alphonse, the

GRADUATES, IN DEPARTING
wish to say

THANK YOU! AND GOD BLESS YOU.

To the Seniors

Not now regret, nor sudden hurting dread,
No trembling foot upon the road's expanse.
What though today fond yesterdays are dead,
The sky above is cloudless. In advance
Beyond the white road's turn the heights arise,
And scaling them for you brooks no delay,
No gloomy fear lurks in your smiling eyes.
And June's rose-wealth is all your own today.
But wait till Omar's bird has flown the pace
Of ten swift years, then looking fondly back,
You'll wish with all your heart you could retrace
The pathway o'er. What changes you would make
In that same road that now you long to take.

But few the deeds you would wish to efface,
If now you heed the lessons that are taught,
Then at each trial you'd spurn whate'er is base,
And cling to worthwhile things, and count as naught
The golden dross or baubles fondly sought.

Be yours to hold the fort with courage rare,
Though skies above be cloudy or be blue,
Sometimes indeed the valley will be fair,
And oft the hill will rise too steep for you.
What matters it, if you can keep the song,
That all your heart is singing forth today,
Not only at the dawn, but all day long,
And make all dragging hours a fragrant May.

If you be ever true, on that great day,
When God shall seek His own, then each can say,
"I've followed precepts given and so have won,
These words of praise from God, 'My child, well done.'"

Senior Class

LAURA ELIZABETH CONREY

BALTIMORE, MD.

By Word: "Come on, there's room for several more!"

A true believer of the saying that charity, then sincerity are the greatest of virtues. "Laura's" careful selection of friends can assure her that she will have many friends for life.



CATHERINE LOUISE DIGGLE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

By Word: "Oh, hush!"

A winning way, combined with a sparkling personality, is the secret of "Katy" having so many friends. She hopes, and we know too, that some day she will be a great dramatic artist.

Vice-President, Senior Class; *Magnet* Staff; GRADATIM Advertising Manager.

ELIZABETH ANN DULONG

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

By Word: "I get all the blame."

With an ingenuity for making bright remarks, together with a profound love for helping others, make us realize that we will miss "DuLong."

Secretary-Treasurer, The Senior Class; *Magnet* Staff; GRADATIM Staff; Class Lawyer.

BARBARA JANE HOOLE

ATLANTA, GA.

By Word: "Oh! we have plenty of time!"

We dare assert that no one at S. H. A. will ever forget Barbara. Her popularity and loveliness are due to her many sincere qualities. A bit slow to arrive at classes and study-hall, nevertheless, rather quick in going to help a schoolmate.

Editor-in-Chief *Magnet*; Basketball; Class Poet; GRADATIM Staff.



CAROLYN ETHEL KEENAN

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

By Word: "I'll get me one, some day."

The "heart-breaker" of S. H. A. Her ability in that line can be easily understood by us who have been the victims of her radiating smile and good nature.

Magnet Staff; GRADATIM Staff; Basketball; Children of Mary.



HELEN ELIZABETH LEWIS

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

By Word: "It's delicious!"

A true friend—Helen has endeared herself to the hearts of everyone at Sacred Heart Academy. She probably will be a teacher and if she has as much success in that line as she had as a student we will hear much about her in the future.

Magnet Staff; GRADATIM Editor-in-Chief; Children of Mary, President; Basketball.





JOAN PAUL LIBBY
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

By Word: "I have a secret!"

A friend for fun is this Joan and her popularity and executive ability have made her a very successful president of the senior class.

Magnet Staff; *GRADATIM* Staff; President, The Senior Class; Children of Mary; Basketball.



EILEEN SHERRY PETERS
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

By Word: "What are you doing, honey?"

A sweet Irish girl with all the sweetness, charm and humor so characteristic of her race. Her ability to maintain an even disposition at all times has won her many friends.

GRADATIM Staff; Children of Mary; Class Historian.



MARY EVELYN REA
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

By Word: "You're telling me!"

Probably the merriest girl at S. H. A. She is imbued with a desire to make others happy, in spite of the cost. Her mischievousness has been the source of much pleasure for us and we certainly will miss "Rea Child."

Magnet Staff; *GRADATIM* Staff; Class Prophet.

Class Prophecy

A cold day in New York is never a matter for rejoicing, but when a drizzle is added to the nipping frost, conditions outside are absolutely unchristianlike. Even the idea of leaving my cosy apartment sent thrills of displeasure up and down my spine. Still, Barbara had insisted that I help her select an evening gown for the evening's affair—a dinner party in honor of the leading newspaper men and women of the metropolis. And when the "Women Keyhole Columnist" of the *New York Times* insists upon anything she usually gains her point. Yes, I had been persuaded to brave the weather to help satisfy the vanity of a women reporter or should I say Columnist?

Hurrying up Broadway at a pace intended to counteract the effects of the cold wind, I suddenly learned the result of an irresistible force meeting an immovable object. The immediate cause of my education proved to be a very cold-looking young lady travelling equally fast in the opposite direction. I say that she was very cold-looking because her nose displayed all the symptoms of frost-bite.

In the midst of our mutual apologies a sense of familiarity struck my mind. Somewhere, sometime before I had heard that voice—seen that face. But where? No doubt she experienced like emotions for she faltered. "Why, er! Haven't we met before?"

Simultaneously we exclaimed, "Didn't you graduate from . . . ?" and the answer was that certainly we both had graduated from Sacred Heart Academy in 1934.

"Eileen Peters!"

"Evelyn Rea! Barbara Hoole!"

Then followed the usual expressions of delight and excuses for not writing which take place when friends meet after so many years. When we explained our mission to Eileen she suggested that we might add to Barbara's beauty at her shop on Fifth Ave. Her schoolday love of clothing had led her into this venture.

"Have you heard from any of our old classmates?" asked Barbara.

"Yes. Some of them are here in the city. But let's get your gown now and do our reminiscing afterwards."

After Barbara had selected her gown—which was easily accomplished from Eileen's large stock of up-to-the-minute styles, our friend led us to a very charming tea room. As I had always pictured Catherine Diggle a star in some

musical comedy or other it was somewhat of a surprise to find her in these surroundings. She gently reminded me, however, of her ambition as a girl to be a tea room hostess.

Looking about the place we spied Carrie Keenan who, we learned, was a famous Evangelist doing her best to lead the younger generation from the errors of its ways. Anne DuLong, radio's white-edition of Blanche Calloway, and Laura Conrey, the reigning queen of the big city's Interior Decorating Societies, were also seen, as was Amy Holland, known to the theatre-going public as Tamara Rominoff. She was the latest "find" of the Metropolitan Opera.

Not even had my inheritance of two million dollars filled me with such delight and happiness as did the sight of my old friends and the knowledge of their success.

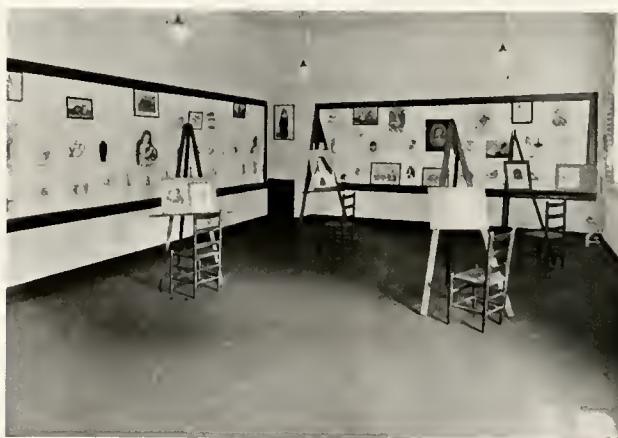
While we were idly sipping our tea and nibbling on some wafers, Helen Lewis passed by with her new husband in tow. Incidentally Helen had always vowed that she would never make that fatal march to the strains of "Lohen-grin." Still, Cupid is a difficult person to elude constantly.

Carrie Keenan suggested that we run up to the Carmelite Convent for a last look at Joan Libby as "she is making her final vows next year."

"The convent is just the place for young girls," commented Carrie. "I, myself, could have entered if I didn't feel called to the service of these youngsters in the world. . . ."

With her words my crystal ball becomes dim, and the Class of '34 has heard its destiny.

—EVELYN REA,
Prophetess.



"Every art is holy in itself; it is the son of Eternal Light."

Class History

IN the first place, to give a history of any class is a difficult assignment. But, to give a history of the Class of '34, is almost impossible. We have done so many things these past four years! However, the four years are about to end. And so, we give this brief history of our class.

We entered Sacred Heart Academy as Freshmen, fully convinced that the others who had gone on before us "had done it all wrong." We were fired with that enthusiasm that brings freshmen to think that they are going to change things. We were soon repulsed, and we were brought to realize that THE SENIORS possessed our same frame of mind. There were activities, plenty of them, and the year rolled around and we found ourselves Sophs.

As Sophs, we slowed down considerably in our creative ambition and decided that after all, Sacred Heart Academy had gotten along many years without our help and that, possibly, the Sisters could run the place. We studied, studied diligently.

Then, we were Juniors. Parties, all kinds of social activities came our way, we made the athletic teams, entertained the Seniors, and looked forward to the year to come, the so-called year-of-years. We were going to be SENIORS.

And we became Seniors. We remembered—and some of us smiled at the recollection too—our thoughts as Freshmen. Of course we acted real dignified, but that was for the undergraduates. All of us knew that in June we were to leave Sacred Heart Academy. There were some who knew that there was a chance of their not leaving—after all, to leave means to pass exams. Activities were numerous. We attended games outside, played our own games, gave suppers, attended shows, gave shows, and received our prized and eagerly anticipated graduation rings.

And now, we must record in this history, our leaving. Perhaps other histories have quoted other graduates as saying that they left sadly. We, no matter how bold it may seem, leave gladly and joyfully. We leave gladly because we are glad—glad that God gave us the chance to be students at S. H. A., and joyfully, because we believe that we have acquired what the Sisters have required—that we be educated, cultured, and true children of Mary.

—EILEEN PETERS.

Page Seventeen

Last Will and Testament

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
 COUNTY OF GASTON
 CITY OF BELMONT

ANNE E. DULONG
Attempt-at-Law

We, the class of 1934, being of unsound mind and weakened bodies, caused by twelve years of hard work, realizing that soon we must depart, arouse ourselves sufficiently, to hereby, in the presence of these witnesses, declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, and also declare any other written heretofore or hereafter purporting to be our last will and testament to be null and void.

ARTICLE I

To our beloved Mother Superior, and our Directress, we express our deepest gratitude for the timely and good advice they have given us.

ARTICLE II

To our faculty we leave our heartiest thanks for all they have done to help us. Their guidance had been to us as the Star of Bethlehem to the Wise Men.

ARTICLE III

To the student body we leave our sincere good wishes that their school life, and in particular their Senior year, may be as perfect as ours has been.

ARTICLE IV

I, Barbara Hoole, do will and bequeath to Mary Soule my "come-hither" look. May said look win for her fame and fortune as it has for me.

I, Evelyn Rea, do will and bequeath this timely advice to Harriet Bush. "Go West young girl, go West."

I, Eileen Peters, do will my "it" personality to Margaretta Gollner; may the fluttering male hearts respond to said gift.

I, Catherine Diggle, do will my beautiful hair to Beverly Fox. May said gift hang straight over Miss Fox's shoulder to the delight of ambitious hairdressers.

I, Laura Conrey, do will the United States Navy to Jessie Tatum. Anchors aweigh, Jessie!

I, Nancy Tatum, do will my posture when debating to Millie Harris. May Miss Harris use it to perfection as I do.

To Sara Sanders, I, Joan Libby, do will and bequeath my executive ability. May said ability be very beneficial when you become the head of a large hospital.

I, Carrie Keenan, do will my clues to the whereabouts of Elmer to "Scamp" Diggle, with the hope that she may be more successful in her search than I have been.

I, Helen Lewis, do will and bequeath my domineering dramatic ability to Cletus Waechter with the hope that said ability will always help her to leading roles.

I, Anne DuLong, do will and bequeath my slim willowy figure to Nancy Underwood. May said gift be a source of admiration to the male world at large.

We, the Senior Class, do will our enthusiasm in school activities to the undergrads. We also wish them success in all their undertakings.

This will having been formed, drawn up and signed in legal manner, is hereby authorized by us.

(Signed) THE INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR.

Per: ANNE E. DULONG
Class Lawyer.

Attest:

ANNE DULONG, *Secretary.*

Witnesses:

BARBARA HOOLE
 HELEN LEWIS
 JOAN LIBBY

The Convent Girl

Tom had invited me to the Spring Parties up at Michigan State. My mother accompanied me and really, I never had such a wonderful time in all my life. Mother kept chiding me all through the parties, saying that she hadn't seen my face so radiant since I made my First Communion. And if my face was radiant, there was a reason. I was happy to the bursting point. First of all, I really like Tom Peters. Then, too, the Spring Parties at Michigan are something dreamed of usually by girls in my town. But, Tom Peters—good old Tom, had invited me. The Parties lasted a full week.

We were on our third day of "partying." The Kappa Beta Informal was the next dish on our menu of collegiate thrills. Couples were whirling about, the orchestra played soft music, the warbling tones of a crooner wafted through the hall, the crystal ball cast differently colored shadows, and, really, I was in the proverbial "Seventh Heaven." Tom was a Sir Galahad. He seemed blissfully happy—happy in the idea of making me happy. I must confess, I saw many things I had never dreamed of in Tom Peters that night. For the seventh time in twenty minutes, Tom "cut in" on my dancing partner. He must have realized that I was tired—I was a little tired, though perfectly content to keep on dancing, but he suggested a stroll through the garden.

We did stroll. When we got into the garden, I decided that Tom surely had had some grounds for his suggestion so I pointed to a bench and we sat down.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Too happy," was my reply.

"Well," he said, "What do you think of Michigan State?"

"Tom," I said, "it's wonderful. I wish I hadn't been sent to a convent school for my education. Things weren't like they are here. This place is another paradise."

"Yes," he came a little closer and said, "you probably think it is a paradise. It is all right. But I think that a convent education beats them all."

This was startling, Tom Peters talking like that! He had never even gone to a parochial school—wasn't even a Catholic. Suddenly, I made up my mind that I was going to let him have his little say. It seemed that he had something to tell me about convents that I didn't realize. So, I asked him, "Tom, what is your idea of a convent education and why do you think that a convent system has them all beat?"

His reply was slow. In fact, a minute elapsed before he said a thing. Meanwhile, I whistled the tune that you could just bear the orchestra playing. Then, he started to talk.

"You—Peg—you don't appreciate the education you've had. And, you know more than I do about convent education. But you have been intimate with it, and your point of view is too close to the thing itself—to appreciate it. One must take a distant point of view. I say, Convent Training beats them all. In the first place, the essence of convent education lies in the Sisters—" he hesitated, "the Sisters themselves. I've heard that Sisters are banded together to glorify God and assist humanity. Then, surely if they teach, they teach for a purpose. Those same Sisters have it on our teachers here, because teaching is a part of them—their life's work. They take girls, for instance, as they took you, and not only impart some keen education, but polish you off, that is, knock off the rough edges. (I'm trying to use his language so you can appreciate the man's point of view.) Then, I believe you unconsciously take on a Christian spirit, the love of Christ. Then, after filling your spiritual needs, they teach you culture. And their culture is well founded—I understand it has developed from Christ Himself. This convent education of yours also embraces vocational guidance.

Oh, there are thousands of things—like—making a girl to be what she ought to be. It's rather difficult to explain, but it can easily be seen. There are hundreds of fine girls here, but, somehow, there is something missing. I believe it is because of the training they get in these big universities—they are taught like boys, treated like boys and we begin to see but little difference between them and ourselves. Convent girls have that finished personality that makes them properly feminine. And, believe me, Peg, this was never truer than tonight when I was able to compare you with . . ." We were interrupted by my partner for the "third no-break." (I can't understand how he found us out there!)

I was sorry our interesting little lesson had to close. I went back into the ballroom. The days passed and I returned home. Even the memory of that week still thrills me, although it wasn't so long back that it all happened. I got home happy, tired, and thinking. Tom was here last Christmas. His last letter read that he would be here soon again, and, if I get the chance, I am going to make him complete his little sermon and reveal some more information I never thought of to one who was, for six long years, a Convent Girl.

—HELEN E. LEWIS.



SECTION OF DORMITORY

THE GRADATIM



THE HIGH SCHOOL

Back Row: SARAH SANDERS, CAROLYN KEENAN, BETTY CHADWICK, ANNE MASON, FRANCES MASON. *Second Row:* MARY SOULE, AMY HOLLAND, BEVERLY FOX, JOAN LIBY, JESSIE TATUM, ANNE DULONG, CATHERINE DIGGLE, NANCY TATUM, BARBARA HOOLE, EVELYN REA, BETTY DIGGLE, NANCY UNDERWOOD. *Third Row:* MARGARET MIDDLETON, EDITH ADAMS, MARGARETA GOLNER, MILDRED HARRIS, HARRIET BUSH, EILEEN MADDEN, ANNIE MARTINEZ, HELEN LEWIS, CLETUS WAECHTER.



THE JUNIOR CLASS

MARGARETA GOLNER, MILDRED HARRIS, BETTY DIGGLE, JESSIE TATUM, HARRIET BUSH, SARAH SANDERS.

THE GRADATIM



THE GRADATIM STAFF

Back Row: BARBARA HOOLE, HELEN LEWIS, CATHERINE DIGGLE, ANNE DULONG, NANCY TATUM, EVELYN REA. *Front Row:* MARGARETA GOLNER, EILEEN PETERS, CLETUS WAECHTER, CAROLYN KEENAN, JOAN LIBBY, AMY HOLLAND.



THE MAGNET STAFF

Back Row: BARBARA HOOLE, ANNE DULONG, CATHERINE DIGGLE, NANCY TATUM. *Front Row:* HARRIET BUSH, CAROLYN KEENAN, EVELYN REA, HELEN LEWIS, JOAN LIBBY, AMY HOLLAND.



THE CHILDREN OF MARY

BEVERLY FOX, MARY SOULE, JOAN LIBBY, CLETUS WAECHTER, HELEN LEWIS, EDITH ADAMS, RUTH BUXTON, BRIDIE MADDEN, ANNIE MARTINEZ, ANNIE ELMORE, ANNE MASON, EILEEN MADDEN, FRANCES MASON, CAROLYN KEENAN, BETTY CHADWICK, MARGARET MIDDLETON, NANCY UNDERWOOD, HELEN BUXTON, ELENOR GITTINGS, MARY CATHERINE KUBAS.



BASKETBALL SQUAD

RUTH BUXTON, HELEN LEWIS, BARBARA HOOLE, EDITH ADAMS, BETTY CHADWICK, HOLLIS DUNN (coach), ANNIE MARTINEZ, CAROLYN KEENAN, MARY SOULE, JOAN LIBBY, EILEEN MADDEN, AMY HOLLAND (manager), ANNE MASON, CLETUS WAECHTER, DELICE YOUNG, FRANCES MASON.



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